STORY HOUR READERS REVISED

BOOK ONE

COE AND CHRISTIE

Florence A. Blenis.
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STORY HOUR READERS REVISED

BOOK ONE

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STORY HOUR READERS REVISED
BOOK ONE
W. P. 6

MADE IN U. S. A.

PREFACE

The teaching method employed in the Story Hour Readers makes use of the child's interest in a story as a motive in learning to read. In Book One each story is introduced by a preliminary study of the pictures. Thence the work proceeds through analytic study of thought groups, sentences, word groups, sight words, and phonetics, to a final reading of the whole story aloud from the book. In the word study the child gains power by learning to recognize *word groups;* by acquiring new *sight words;* by recognizing words already familiar, or *old friends;* by increasing his knowledge of *phonograms;* and by applying such knowledge in the recognition of *test words.*

The value of this method has been definitely established during the several years in which the Story Hour Readers have been used in schools. Its application to the teaching of reading under widely varying conditions has demonstrated its practical usefulness and adaptability as well as its theoretical soundness.

During the last few years, the teaching of reading has been exhaustively studied from many angles, and the current trend towards simplification of material in the early grades is very marked. Book One of the Story Hour Readers Revised is in harmony with these recent tendencies. It attacks the easiest problems first, employs a very simple

vocabulary, and secures the children's interest through variety of content.

In order to make the work of the teacher easier in applying the Story Method to the teaching of reading, a Teachers' Manual Revised is prepared to accompany the Story Hour Readers Revised. This Manual gives detailed teaching plans for the entire work of each year. The word groups, sight words, and phonograms to be taught with each story are listed, and the logical order of work is clearly explained. Instructions are also given therein for the use of the Perception Cards, and the Chart, which form a part of the teaching equipment.

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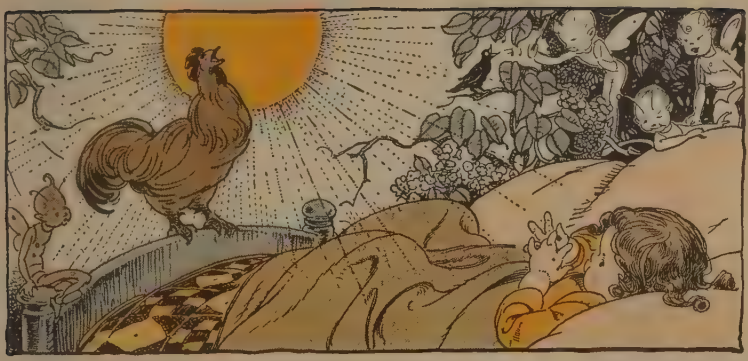
Ruth M. Hallock



To-day when I awakened,
The sun laughed in my eyes;
I heard the rooster crowing,
And knew that I must rise.

Upon the dewy grasses
Were marks of tiny feet,
And perched upon a lilac bush,
A blackbird sang, "Tweet-tweet."

Across the lawn I chased him —
The lawn was wet with dew —
And caught a group of fairy folk
To bring back here for you.

(To be read to the children.)

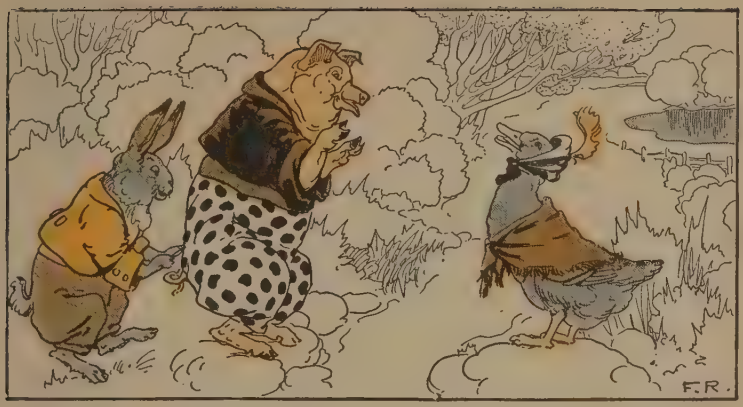
F.R.

PIGGY WIG'S HOUSE

Piggy Wig lived in a pen.
He did not like his pen.
Piggy said, "I will build a house."
He went to the forest
for some wood.
On the way he met Bunny Rabbit.
"How do you do, Piggy Wig!"
said Bunny Rabbit.
"Where are you going
this bright morning?"
"I do not like my pen,"
said Piggy Wig.
"I am going to build a house."
"May I go along and help you?"
asked Bunny Rabbit.

"What can you do?"
asked Piggy Wig.

"Do you see my sharp teeth?
I can gnaw the trees
and get the wood for your house,"
said Bunny Rabbit.



"Then you are the very one I want,"
said Piggy Wig.
"Come along with me."

They walked along
till they met Gray Duck.

"Quack, quack!
How do you do, Piggy Wig!"
said Gray Duck.
"Where are you going
this bright morning?"

"I do not like my pen,"
said Piggy Wig.
"I am going to build a house."

"May I go along and help you?"
asked Gray Duck.

"What can you do?"
asked Piggy Wig.

"Do you see my nice flat bill?
I can carry mud on it
and help to plaster your house,"
said Gray Duck.

"Come along with me," said Piggy.
"You are the very one I want."

Very soon they met White Cock.

"Cock-a-doodle-doo!
How do you do, Piggy Wig!"
said White Cock.
"Where are you going
this bright morning?"

"I do not like my pen," said Piggy.
"I am going to build a house."

"May I go along?" asked White Cock.

"What can you do?" asked Piggy.

"I can crow in the morning
and wake you," said White Cock.
"I will be your clock.
Hear me crow.
Cock-a-doodle-doo!"

"Very well," said Piggy Wig.
"Come along with me."

Soon they came to the forest.

Bunny Rabbit gnawed the wood.

Piggy Wig nailed the boards.

Gray Duck plastered the house.

White Cock crowed every morning when it was time to rise.

THE DANCING GOAT

One day I played upon my pipe,
Beneath a shady tree.
A goat came dancing down the road
And shook his head at me.

"Good Sir, I would be eating grass
If I had half a chance,
But every time I hear you play
I feel that I must dance."

MARGARET J. MCELROY.

BILLY GOAT AND THE WOLF

Billy Goat
was eating grass in the meadow.
His mother, Nanny Goat,
was eating grass in the meadow, too.
Billy Goat ran after a butterfly.
He chased the butterfly
into the woods.

It grew very dark,
and Billy Goat became frightened.

He heard a fierce growl —"Gr-r!"

There stood a big, hungry Wolf.

"Gr-r! I am going to eat you,"
said the Wolf.
"Have you anything to say
before I kill you?"

"Oh, dear! I am frightened,"
said Billy Goat.
"May I ask a favor
before you eat me?"

"What do you wish, Billy Goat?"

"Will you play for me to dance?
I have heard
that you play well,"
said Billy Goat.

"Yes, I will," said the Wolf.

The Wolf played the music,
and Billy Goat danced.

By and by the Wolf stopped playing.

"It is time for my dinner," said he.

"Please play once more,
only once more," said Billy Goat.
"You play so well, so very well,
I could dance all day to your music."

"Very well, I will," said the Wolf.
He played once more
for Billy Goat to dance.

The dogs heard the music
and came to see who was playing.

The Wolf had to run for his life.

Billy Goat scampered away, too.

As he ran down the road
he saw his mother
coming to look for him.

"Oh, mother!" he cried.
"The dogs are coming!"

"Let us run and hide,"
said Nanny Goat.

They ran back to the meadow,
and Billy Goat
never chased a butterfly again.

There was an Old Woman
Who lived in a shoe.
She had so many children
She didn't know what to do.
She gave them some broth
Without any bread;
She gave them a spanking
And put them to bed.

THE OLD WOMAN AND HER PIG

Once upon a time
there was an Old Woman.
She found a gold dollar
lying on the floor.

"What a fine pig
this dollar will buy!"
said the Old Woman.
"I must go to market at once."

She ran down the road
till she came to a Stone Wall.

"Where are you going?"
asked the Stone Wall.

"I can not stop to talk,"
said the Old Woman.
"I am going to market."

"When you come back
you will talk to me,"
said the Stone Wall.

In the market
the Old Woman bought a Pig.
She tied a rope to it,
and they started home.

Soon they came to the Stone Wall.

"Stop! stop!" said the Stone Wall,
and the Pig stood still.

"Come, Pig!" said the Old Woman.
"Jump over the Stone Wall."

The Pig would not jump.

"Please help me, Stone Wall,"
said the Old Woman.

The Stone Wall only laughed.

Then the Old Woman saw a Dog.

"Dog, Dog, bite the Pig,"
said the Old Woman.
"The Pig will not go home,
and I shall be here till midnight."

"No," said the Dog, "I will not."

Then the Old Woman saw a Stick.
The Old Woman said,
"Stick, Stick, beat the Dog;
the Dog will not bite the Pig;
the Pig will not go home,
and I shall be here till midnight."

"No," said the Stick, "I will not."

Then the Old Woman saw a Fire.

She said,

"Fire, Fire, burn the Stick;
the Stick will not beat the Dog;
the Dog will not bite the Pig;
the Pig will not go home,
and I shall be here till midnight."

"No," said the Fire, "I will not."

Then the Old Woman saw the Water.

She said,

"Water, Water, quench the Fire;
the Fire will not burn the Stick;
the Stick will not beat the Dog;
the Dog will not bite the Pig;
the Pig will not go home,
and I shall be here till midnight."

"No," said the Water, "I will not."

Soon an Ox came down the road.

When the Old Woman saw the Ox she said,

"Ox, Ox, drink the Water;
the Water will not quench the Fire;
the Fire will not burn the Stick;
the Stick will not beat the Dog;
the Dog will not bite the Pig;
the Pig will not go home,
and I shall be here till midnight."

"No," said the Ox, "I will not."

Then the Old Woman ran
till she found a Butcher.

The Old Woman said,

"Butcher, Butcher, kill the Ox;
the Ox will not drink the Water;

the Water will not quench the Fire;
the Fire will not burn the Stick;
the Stick will not beat the Dog;
the Dog will not bite the Pig;
the Pig will not go home,
and I shall be here till midnight."

"No," said the Butcher, "I will not."

Then the Old Woman saw a Rope.

She said,

"Rope, Rope, hang the Butcher;
the Butcher will not kill the Ox;
the Ox will not drink the Water;
the Water will not quench the Fire;
the Fire will not burn the Stick;
the Stick will not beat the Dog;
the Dog will not bite the Pig;
the Pig will not go home,
and I shall be here till midnight."

"No," said the Rope, "I will not."

Then the Old Woman saw a Rat.

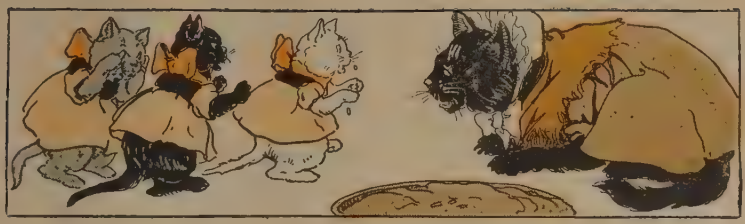
The Old Woman said,

"Rat, Rat, gnaw the Rope;
the Rope will not hang the Butcher;

the Butcher will not kill the Ox;
the Ox will not drink the Water;
the Water will not quench the Fire;
the Fire will not burn the Stick;
the Stick will not beat the Dog;
the Dog will not bite the Pig;
the Pig will not go home,
and I shall be here till midnight."

"Yes, I will," said the Rat,
"if you will give me some cheese."

So she gave him some cheese.
The Rat began to gnaw the Rope;
the Rope began to hang the Butcher;
the Butcher began to kill the Ox;
the Ox began to drink the Water;
the Water began to quench the Fire;
the Fire began to burn the Stick;
the Stick began to beat the Dog;
the Dog began to bite the Pig;
and the Pig jumped over the Wall
and ran all the way home.



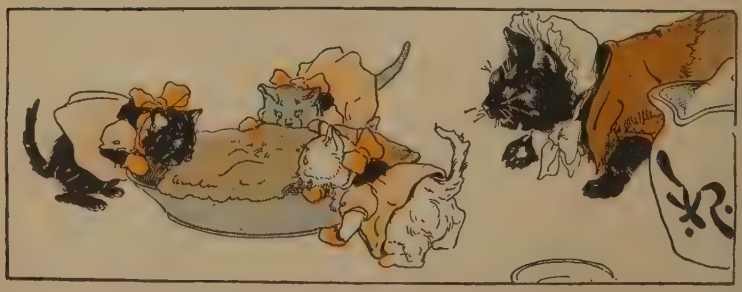
THREE LITTLE KITTENS

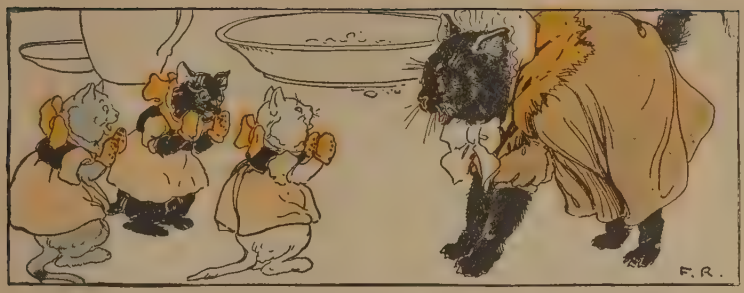
Three little kittens
Lost their mittens,
And they began to cry,
"Oh, mother dear,
We sadly fear,
Our mittens we have lost."

"What, lost your mittens!
You naughty kittens!
Then you shall have no pie.
Me-ow, me-ow, me-ow,
Then you shall have no pie."

The three little kittens
Found their mittens,
And they began to cry,
"Oh, mother dear,
See here, see here!
Our mittens we have found."

"What, found your mittens!
You darling kittens!
Then you shall have some pie.
Me-ow, me-ow, me-ow,
Then you shall have some pie."





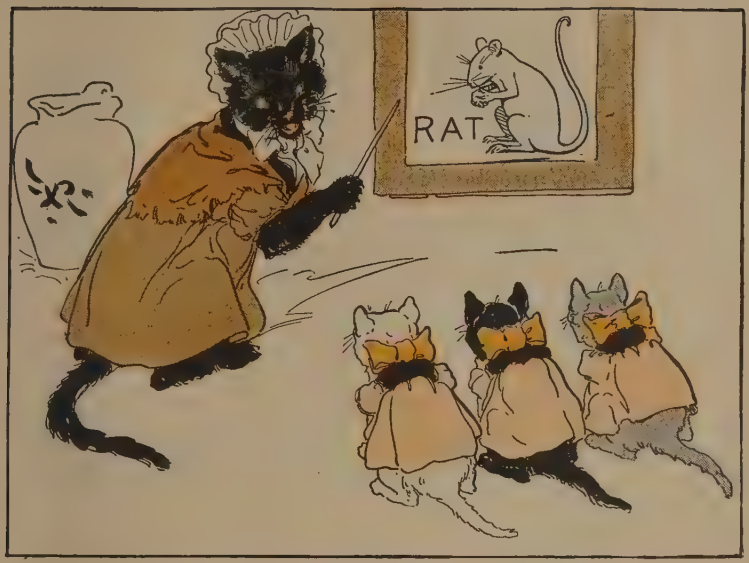
The three little kittens
Put on their mittens,
And soon ate up the pie.
"Oh, mother dear,
We sadly fear,
Our mittens we have soiled."

"What, soiled your mittens!
You naughty kittens!"
Then they began to sigh,
"Me-ow, me-ow, me-ow."
Then they began to sigh.

The three little kittens
Washed their mittens,
And hung them up to dry.
"Oh, mother dear,
See here, see here!
Our mittens we have washed."

"What, washed your mittens!
You darling kittens!
I smell a rat close by.
Hush, hush, hush!
I smell a rat close by."

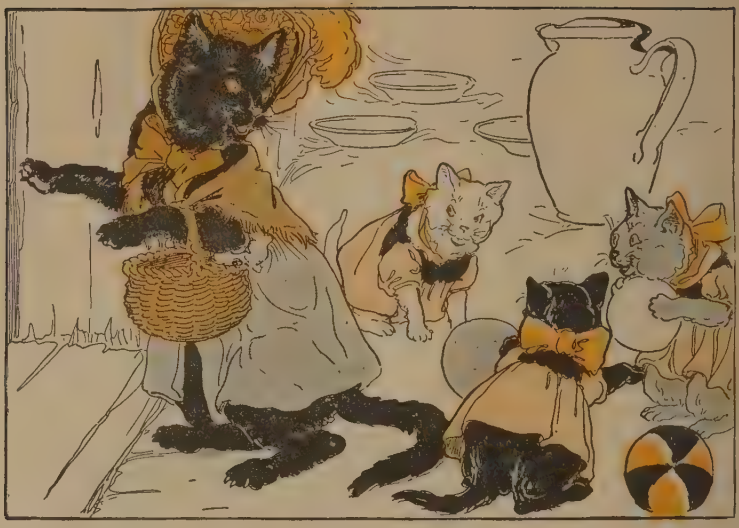
ELIZA LEE FOLLEN.



THE STORY OF THE MITTENS

Once upon a time,
Mother Black Cat lived in a barn
with her three little kittens.

One kitten was black,
one was white,
and one was gray.



One day Mother Black Cat said,
"Children, I am going to the house.
If you are good,
I will bring you some pie.
You may go out to play
in the barn yard.
It is very cold to-day.
Put on your mittens."

"Yes, mother dear,"
said the three little kittens.

The three little kittens
went out to play in the barn yard.

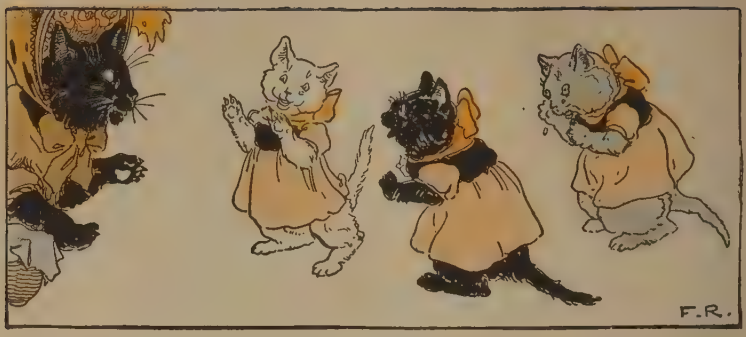
White Kitten said,
"Let us play Tag,
and I will be *It*."

Then the three little kittens
took off their mittens
and played Tag.

Very soon Mother Black Cat
came home from the big house,
and the three little kittens
ran to meet her.

"Have you been good kittens?"

"Oh, yes, very good!"
said the three little kittens.



Then Mother Black Cat said,
"Why, where are your mittens?"
"Oh, mother dear,
We sadly fear,
Our mittens we have lost."
"Then you shall have no pie.
Go and find your mittens,
you naughty kittens."
The three little kittens
went into the barn yard
to hunt for their mittens.

Black Kitten found her mittens in the hay.

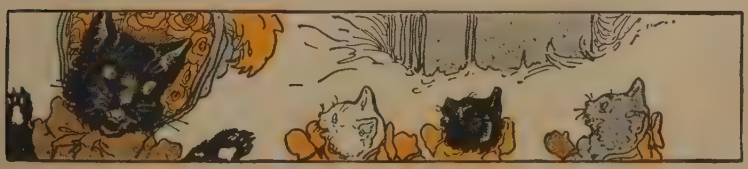
White Kitten found her mittens under the leaves.

Gray Kitten found her mittens near the fence.

The kittens went to their mother, and they began to cry,

"Oh, mother dear,
See here, see here!
Our mittens we have found."

"What, found your mittens!
You darling kittens!
Then you shall have some pie."



Gray Kitten said,
"Let us put on our mittens."
The three little kittens
put on their mittens.
Mother Black Cat said,
"Here is some pie."
She cut three pieces
for the little kittens.
"Oh, sister," said Black Kitten,
"you have soiled your mittens!"
"Look at your own mittens,"
White Kitten said to Black Kitten.
"Oh, look at Gray Kitten!
Her mittens are soiled, too!"
"Oh, mother dear,
We sadly fear,
Our mittens we have soiled."

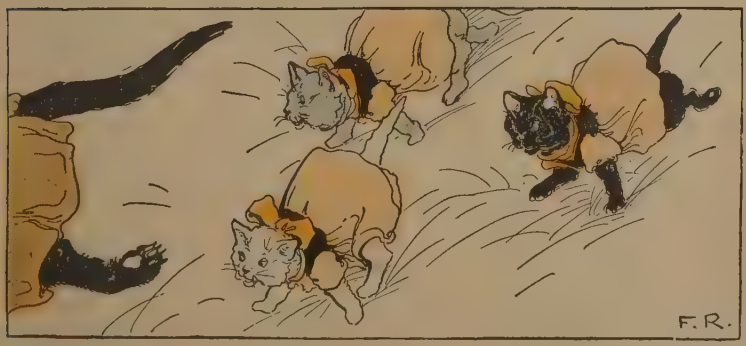
"Go and wash your mittens,
you naughty kittens."

They washed their mittens,
and hung them up to dry.

"Oh, mother dear,
See here, see here!
Our mittens we have washed."

"You darling kittens!
I smell a rat close by."

Then the three little kittens
scampered after the rat.



The Queen of Hearts,
She made some tarts,
All on a summer's day.
The Knave of Hearts,
He stole those tarts,
And with them ran away.

TOMMY AND THE TARTS

Tommy came around the house with his little red wagon.

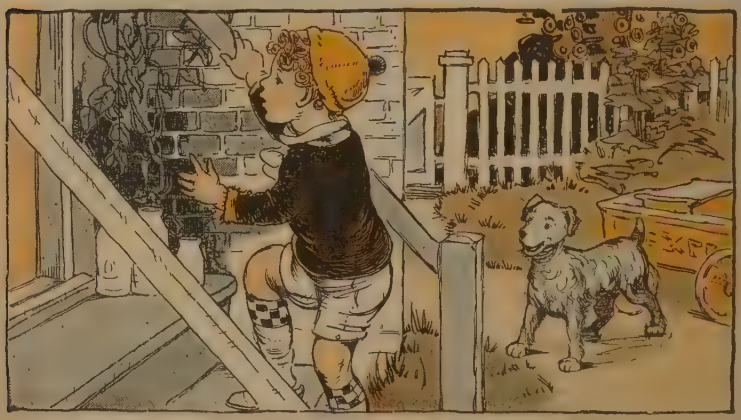
Near the corner he met the Dog.

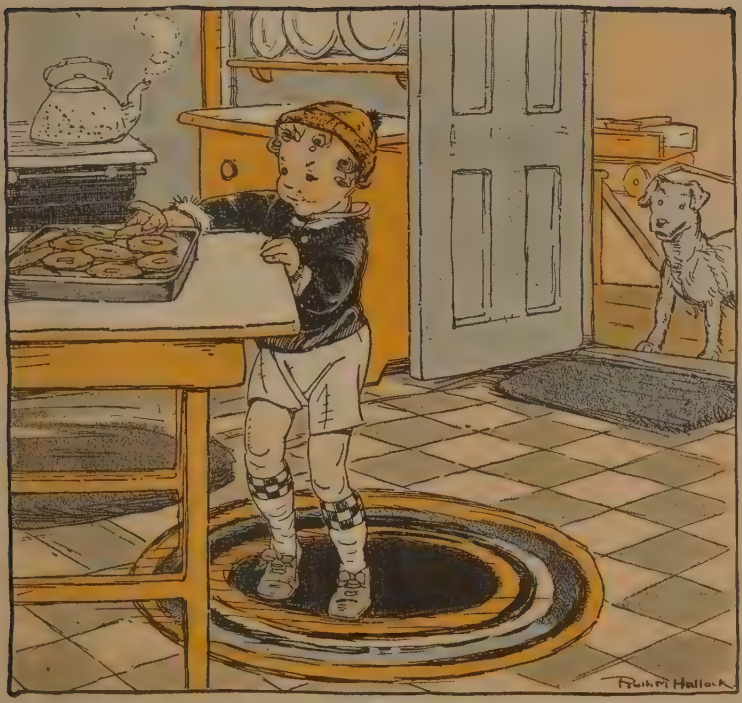
"Where are you going?" asked the Dog.

"I am going to the kitchen
to get something to eat,"
said Tommy.

"You are just in time,"
said the Dog.
"Your mother is making tarts.
I smelled them
when she opened the oven."

"Hurrah!" cried Tommy,
and rushed off to the back door.





No one was in the kitchen,
but a large pan of tarts
stood on the table to cool.

Tommy stood on tiptoe
and looked at them
over the edge of the table.

He picked up one tart
and tasted it.

These were the best tarts
he had ever seen.

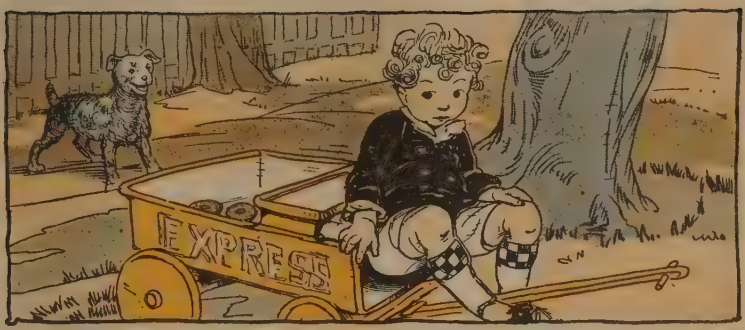
"Mother!" he said.
"Mother! May I have a tart?"

The clock ticked on the wall,
but there was no other noise.
The little boy was alone
in the kitchen.

Tommy waited no longer.

He took one tart,
and then he took another,
and left the kitchen.

He put both the tarts
in the little red wagon
and went around the house.



He did not stop
till he came to the big tree
in the corner of the yard.

Then he sat down in the wagon
with his back to the tarts.
He did not look at them.

They were fine and brown
and he was very hungry.
Still he did not eat them.

He wondered
if his mother was in the kitchen.

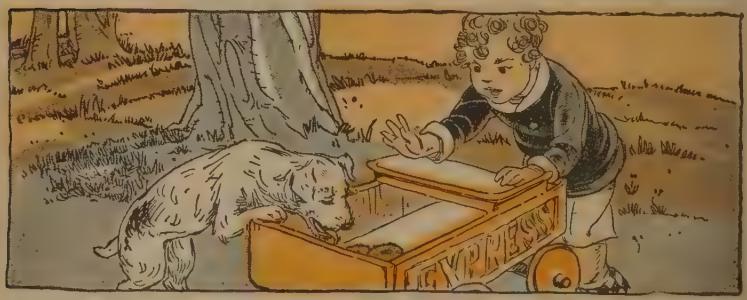
Should he put those tarts back in the pan?

Just at that moment he heard some one sniff, and he turned around.

There stood the Dog by the side of the wagon. He was looking at the tarts and he sniffed again.

"Those are fine tarts!" said the Dog.

Tommy said nothing.



"Those are fine tarts of yours!"

"They are not mine,"
said Tommy, with a snap.

"Not yours?" asked the Dog.

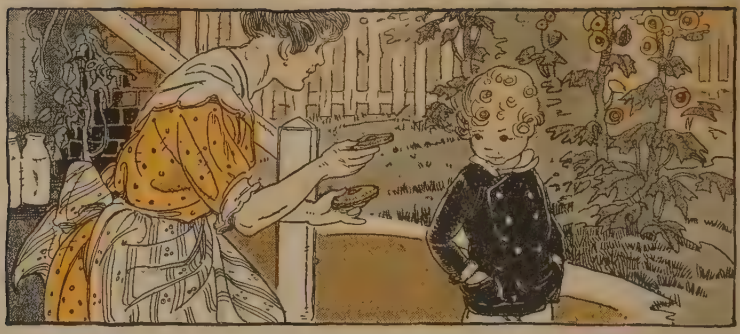
"No," said Tommy.
"I just *took* them.
No one was there,
and I—I just *took* them."

"But you will eat them,"
said the Dog.

Tommy shook his head.
"I do not think
they are very sweet, any way,"
he said.

The Dog almost laughed.

Just then some one called
from the kitchen door.



"Tommy, where are you?"

"Here, mother," said Tommy.

He went to the house,
but he did not take his wagon.
His mother was at the door.
She had two tarts in her hands.

"Are you hungry, Tommy?"
she asked.
"Here are some tarts for you."

Tommy said nothing,
but he put his hands in his pockets.

"Don't you like tarts?"
his mother asked.

"I had two," said Tommy.

"How did you get them?"

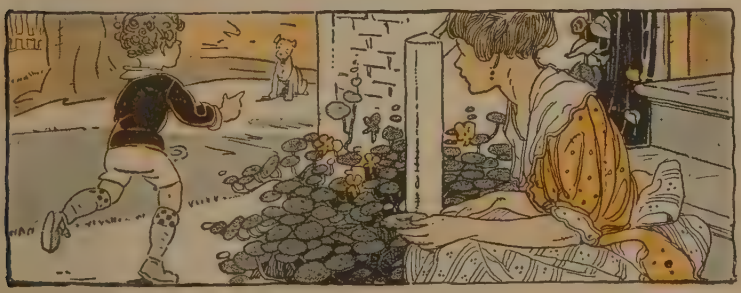
Tommy told her.

"What will you do with them now?"
said the mother.

Tommy did not look at her.

"I might bring them back,"
he said slowly.

"That is the best thing to do,"
said his mother.



Tommy ran around the house
and down to the corner
where he had left the Dog and wagon.

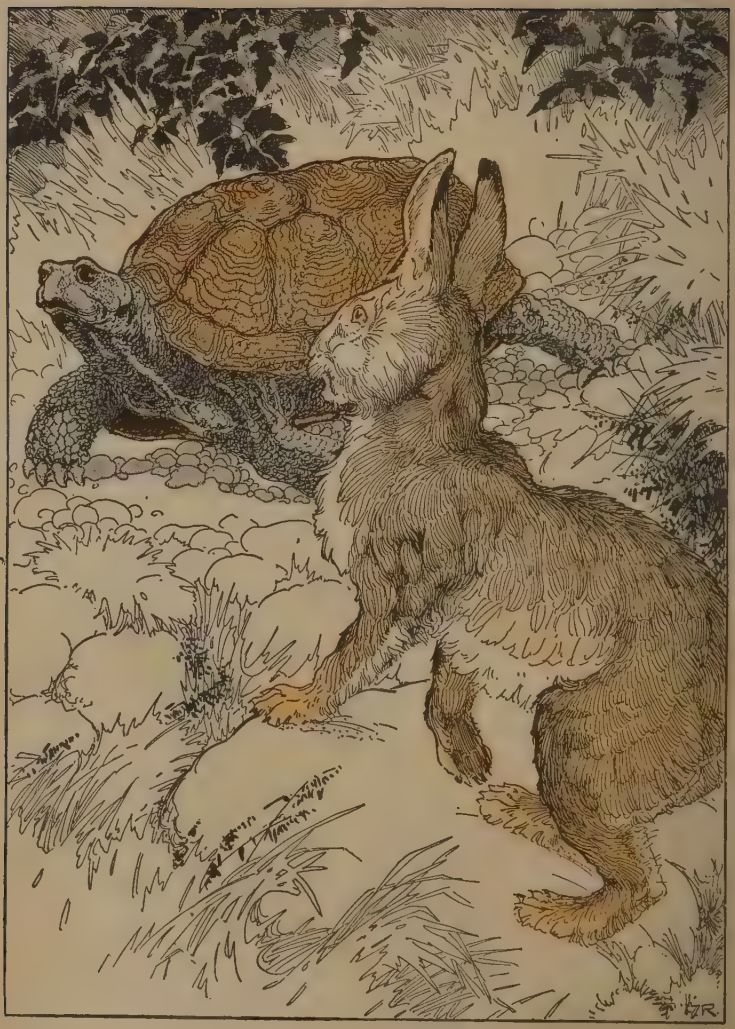
There stood the wagon and the Dog,
just where he had left them.

Tommy rubbed his eyes
and looked again.
The tarts were gone.

"Mops!" said Tommy,
but the Dog was looking at a cat
on top of the wall.

"Mops!" said Tommy,
"did you eat those tarts?"
Mops licked his lips
and snapped at a fly.

He did not look at Tommy
and he never said a word.



THE RACE

A Turtle once met a Rabbit
in the grass by the river.

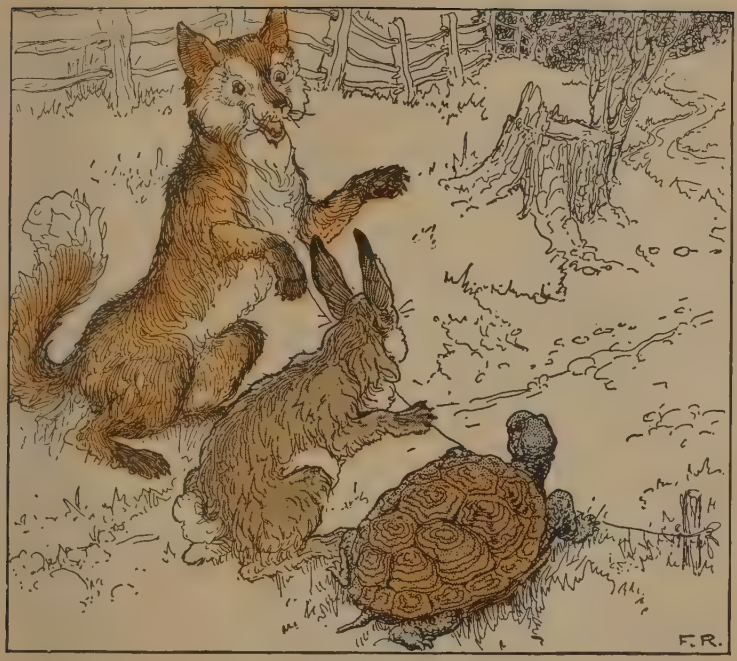
The Rabbit stopped
when he saw the Turtle
creeping through the grass.

"Good morning, my friend,"
said the Rabbit.
"Do you not wish that you could run
as fast as I can?"

"You can run very fast,"
said the Turtle, "but I think
that I could beat you in a race."

"You! Beat me in a race?"
cried the Rabbit.
"Oh, we shall see about that!"

"Very well, I am willing,"
said the Turtle.
"Here comes Mr. Fox.
He shall be judge of the race."
"Good morning, my friends,"
said Mr. Fox.
"What are you talking about?"
"This Turtle says
that she can beat me in a race.
What do you think of that?"
said the Rabbit.
"Perhaps she can,"
said Mr. Fox.
"Why don't you start here
and run across the fields
to the great oak tree?"
"Let us try it," said the Turtle.

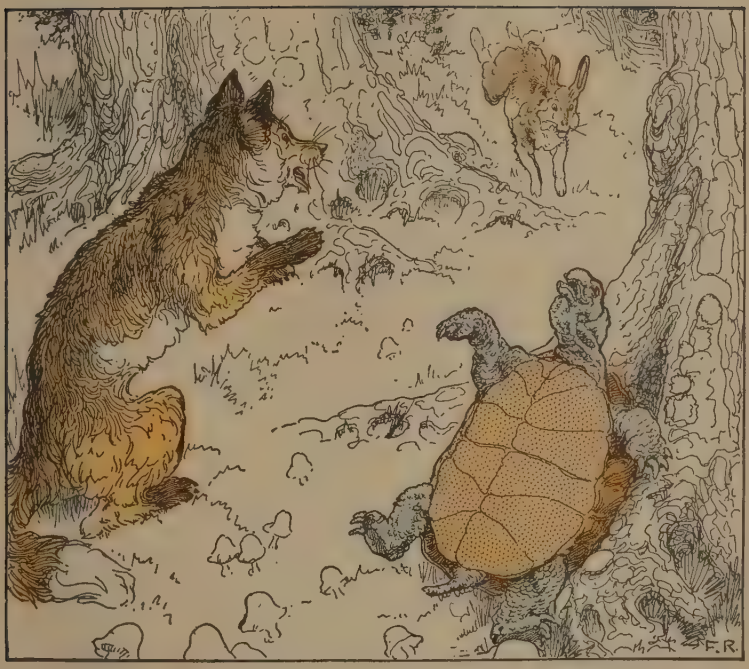


"Now!" said Mr. Fox.
"Get on your mark.
Ready—set—go!"

Off they started.

The Rabbit ran swiftly across one field.

Then he looked back,
but he could not see the Turtle.
"Poor Turtle!" he laughed.
"She is only creeping."
Then he looked around
and saw the fine clover.
"I shall eat clover," he said.
"Then I shall take a nap.
I wish the Turtle to see me
when I win the race."
He ate the clover,
and then he fell asleep.
He took a long nap.
The Turtle did not stop to rest.
She plodded on and on
while the Rabbit was sleeping.
She reached the oak tree first.



When the Rabbit awoke
he looked up and down the fields.

Then he ran to the tree,
and there was the Turtle!

"Ah!" said Mr. Fox,
"the Turtle won this race."

F.R.

OVER IN THE MEADOW

Over in the meadow,
In the sand, in the sun,
Lived an old mother toad
And her little toadie one.
"Wink!" said the mother;
"I wink," said the one.
So she winked and she blinked,
In the sand, in the sun.

Over in the meadow,
Where the stream runs blue,
Lived an old mother fish
And her little fishes two.
"Swim!" said the mother;
"We swim," said the two.
So they swam and they leaped,
Where the stream runs blue.

Over in the meadow,
In a hole in a tree,
Lived a mother bluebird
And her little bluebirds three.
"Sing!" said the mother;
"We sing," said the three.
So they sang and were glad,
In the hole in the tree.

Over in the meadow,
In the reeds on the shore,
Lived a mother muskrat
And her little muskrats four.
"Dive!" said the mother;
"We dive," said the four.
So they dived and they burrowed,
In the reeds on the shore.

Over in the meadow,
In a snug beehive,
Lived a mother honeybee
And her little honeys five.
"Buzz!" said the mother;
"We buzz," said the five.
So they buzzed and they hummed,
In the snug beehive.

OLIVE A. WADSWORTH.

TRADING BABIES

One fine day
Sophie took her baby brother
out for a walk.

She walked in the meadow,
in the sand, in the sun,
till she met an old mother toad
and her little toadie one.

She said to the toad,

"What will you give,
What will you give,
To trade for my baby dear?
There is nothing so sweet,
There is nothing so fair,
Anywhere, far or near."

"Can your baby wink and blink?"

"My baby can not wink and blink."

"Then he is not so clever
as my baby toad.
No, I do not wish to trade with you."

Sophie walked in the meadow where the stream runs blue.

Here lived an old mother fish and her little fishes two.

Sophie said to the fish,
"What will you give,
What will you give,
To trade for my baby dear?
There is nothing so sweet,
There is nothing so fair,
Anywhere, far or near."

"Can your baby swim and leap?"

"My baby can not swim and leap."

"Then he is not so clever
as my baby fishes,
for they can swim and leap.
No, I do not wish to trade with you."

The fish swam away.

Then Sophie came to a big tree.

Here lived a mother bluebird
and her little bluebirds three.

She said to the mother bluebird,

"What will you give,
What will you give,
To trade for my baby dear?
There is nothing so sweet,
There is nothing so fair,
Anywhere, far or near."

"Can your baby sing?"

"No, my baby can not sing."

"Then he is not so clever as my baby birds, for they can sing. No, I do not wish to trade with you."

The bluebird flew away.

Sophie soon came to the reeds on the shore.

In the reeds on the shore
lived a mother muskrat
and her little muskrats four.
Sophie said to the mother muskrat,
"What will you give,
What will you give,
To trade for my baby dear?
There is nothing so sweet,
There is nothing so fair,
Anywhere, far or near."
"Can your baby dive and burrow?"
"My baby can not dive and burrow."
"Then he is not so clever
as my baby rats,
for they can dive and burrow.
No, I do not wish to trade with you."
The muskrat ran away.

Sophie then saw a snug beehive.
Here lived a mother honeybee
and her little honeys five.
She said to the mother honeybee,
"What will you give,
What will you give,
To trade for my baby dear?
There is nothing so sweet,
There is nothing so fair,
Anywhere, far or near."

The mother honeybee asked,
"Can your baby buzz and hum?"

"My baby can not buzz and hum."

"Then he is not so clever
as my babies,
for they can buzz and hum.
No, I do not wish to trade with you."

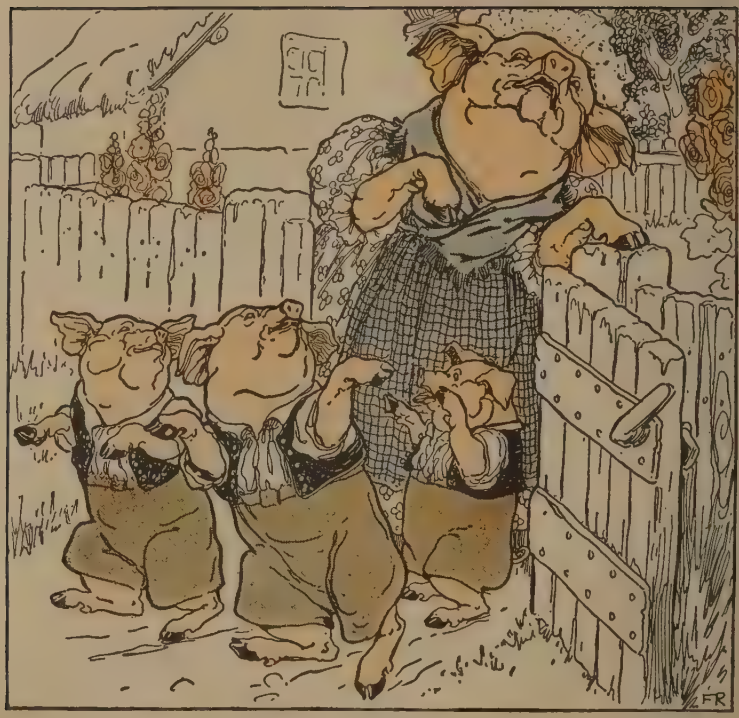
The baby brother began to cry,
and Sophie took him home.

Sophie told her mother
all about her walk in the meadow.

Then the mother
took the baby and said,

"We love him best,
We love him best,
This dear baby brother fair.
There's nothing so bright
As his pretty blue eyes,
Or soft as his golden hair."

This little pig went to market;
This little pig stayed at home;
This little pig had roast beef;
This little pig had none;
This little pig cried, "Wee, Wee,"
All the way home.



THE THREE PIGS

There was once a Mother Pig
who had three little pigs.

For a long time
they all lived together.

Then hard times came.

One day Mother Pig
said to her three little pigs,
"You must all go away
and seek your fortune."

"Very well, mother dear,"
said the three little pigs.

They said good-by to Mother Pig,
and all went off down the road.

The First Pig soon met a man
with some straw.

"Please, Man, give me some straw
to build a house," he said.

"Very well, I will give you some."

This Pig built his house of straw.

Very soon Mr. Wolf
came to the straw house.

He knocked at the door and said,
"Little Pig, Little Pig,
Let me come in."

"No, no, by the hair
On my chinny, chin, chin."

"Then I'll huff, and I'll puff,
And I'll blow your house in."

He huffed, and he puffed,
and he blew the house in,
and he ate the First Pig.

The Second Pig met a man
with some wood.

"Please, Man, give me some wood
to build a house," he said.

"Very well, you may have some."

The Second Pig took the wood
and built his house of it.

Very soon Mr. Wolf
came to the wooden house.

He knocked at the door and said,
"Little Pig, Little Pig,
Let me come in."

"No, no, by the hair
On my chinny, chin, chin."

"Then I'll huff, and I'll puff,
And I'll blow your house in."

He huffed, and he puffed,
and he blew the house in,
and he ate the Second Pig.

The Third Pig met a man
with some bricks.

"Please, Man, give me some bricks to build a house," he said.

"Very well, you may have some"

The Third Little Pig built his house of bricks.

Very soon Mr. Wolf came to the brick house.

He knocked at the door and said,

"Little Pig, Little Pig,
Let me come in."

"No, no, by the hair
On my chinny, chin, chin."

"Then I'll huff, and I'll puff,
And I'll blow your house in."

He huffed, and he puffed, and he puffed, and he huffed, but he could not blow the house in.

Then Mr. Wolf said,
"Oh, Little Pig, I know where to get
some nice, big, red apples.
Be ready to-morrow morning
at five o'clock."

"Very well, I will be ready."

This wise Little Pig
got up at four o'clock
and went for the apples.

Then he went home.

At five o'clock Mr. Wolf came.

"Are you ready, Little Pig?"
asked Mr. Wolf.

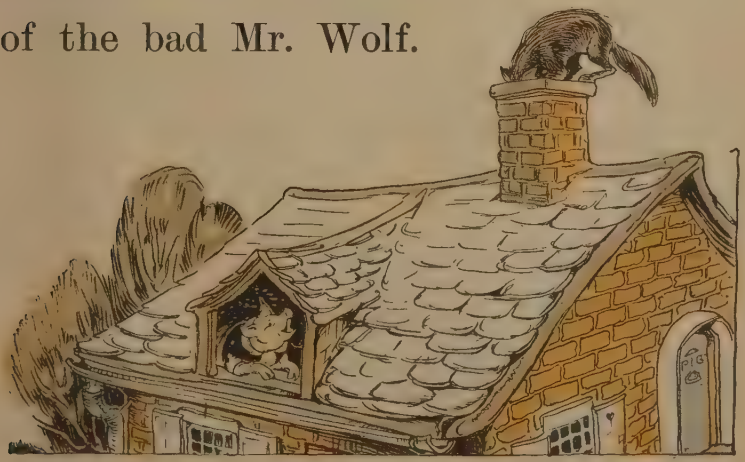
"Ha, ha!" laughed Little Pig.
"See this pail of nice red apples!
I got up at four o'clock
and picked them."

This made Mr. Wolf very angry, and he growled, "Gr-r, gr-r! I am going to eat you."

So Mr. Wolf climbed upon the roof and went down through the chimney.

The Third Little Pig had a big pot of hot water on the fire.

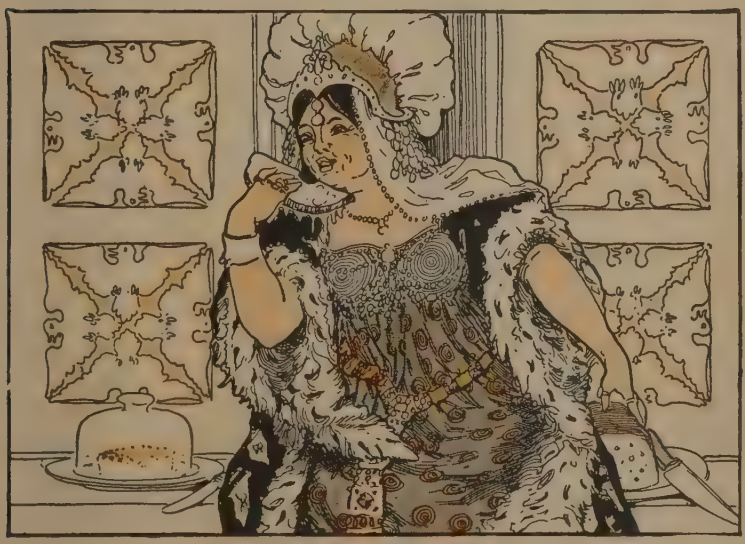
Mr. Wolf fell into it, and that was the end of the bad Mr. Wolf.



SING A SONG OF SIXPENCE

Sing a song of sixpence,
A pocket full of rye;
Four and twenty blackbirds
Baked in a pie.
When the pie was opened,
The birds began to sing.
Wasn't that a dainty dish
To set before a king?

The king was in the counting house,
Counting out his money;
The queen was in the parlor,
Eating bread and honey.
The maid was in the garden,
Hanging out the clothes;
Down came a blackbird,
And nipped off her nose.



THE KING OF THE BLACKBIRDS

There once was a little boy
whose name was Jan.

He gathered sticks every day
and at night he helped his brothers
make brooms.

One day the brothers said,
"We must go to the city
to sell our brooms.
While we are away
you must gather more sticks.

"You will find bread and honey
on the table for your supper."

Jan worked hard all day.
When evening came,
he sat under a tree
and ate his bread and honey.

There were blackbirds in the tree.
Jan gave them bread and honey.

Suddenly he heard a laugh,
and looked up.
He saw a little man in black
sitting on a blade of grass.
The little man swayed to and fro.

"Ho! Ho!" he laughed.
"Now I have found you.
You are the boy
who stole a bird's nest."

"Who are you?" Jan asked.

"I am the King of the Blackbirds," said the little man.

"Come, you must go with me."

Jan was afraid to say "No."
He put on his torn coat
and went with the King.

They walked through the forest till they came to a very tall tree.

"Stop," said the King.
He blew on Jan's cheek.
"Why do you do that?" said Jan.
The King blew again.
Jan grew smaller and smaller.
"Come," said the King.
They walked through a door
at the foot of the tree.
Jan found himself in a warm room.
Many blackbirds were there.

"Here is the boy
who stole the nest,
said the King.

All the blackbirds began to talk.

"He is a bad boy!" they cried.
"He can never go home again."

"I did not steal the nest,"
said Jan.

The birds did not hear him.
They came closer and closer.

"Stop!" cried an old bird.
"How do you know
this is the boy?"

"Because he has a torn coat,"
said the King.
"The coat was torn
when he climbed the tree."

"Many boys have torn coats,"
said Jan.

Just at that moment
the door opened.
More birds flew in.
They were out of breath.

"Stop!" cried one.

"This boy did not steal a nest.
He climbed the tree
and put back the little birds
who had fallen out."

"He gives us grain every day,"
said another bird.

"He gives us straw for nests."

"He gave us bread and honey,"
said the last bird.

"We need a new King,"
said all the birds.
"Will you stay and be our King?"

"Yes," said Jan,
"but I want to go home first."

"You can not go home,"
said the old bird.
"You know the door to our tree.
You must stay with us."

"I must go," cried Jan.

He began to run.
The birds flew after him.

Just at that moment
some one called, "Jan! Jan!"

"Yes," said Jan.
He looked all around.

He was lying on the grass.
Blackbirds were eating
bits of bread and honey.
Jan's brothers were near the house.
They called again.

Jan went to meet them.

"I never stole a nest," said he,
"and now I think
I never will steal one."

John Brown had a little Indian,
John Brown had a little Indian,
John Brown had a little Indian,
One little Indian boy.
One little, two little,
three little Indians;
Four little, five little,
six little Indians;
Seven little, eight little,
nine little Indians;
Ten little Indian boys.

FOREST ROVER

Once upon a time,
there was a little Indian boy,
and his name was Forest Rover.

He lived in a wigwam
with his father and mother.

On his birthday
his mother gave him
a coat and a pair of trousers,
made of deerskin.

His father gave him
a pair of red moccasins
and a belt of beads.

Forest Rover
put on his fine clothes
and went for a walk in the forest.

By and by he saw a Bear.

He was very much frightened
and started to run away.

The Bear saw Forest Rover
and ran after him.

"Forest Rover," he growled,
"I am going to eat you."

"Oh, please do not eat me!"

"What will you give me,
if I do not eat you?"

"I will give you
my new deerskin coat."

"If you will give me your coat,
I will not eat you to-day."

The Bear put on the coat.

"What a fine coat this is!" he said.
"I am the finest Bear in the forest."

Forest Rover walked away,
feeling very sad
because he had lost his coat.

As he came to a big tree,
a second Bear stood behind it.

"Forest Rover," he growled,
"I am going to eat you."

"Oh, please do not eat me!"

"What will you give me,
if I do not eat you?"

"I will give you
my new deerskin trousers."

"If you will give me your trousers,
I will not eat you to-day."

The Bear put on the trousers, saying,
"I am the finest Bear in the forest."

Little Forest Rover walked away.

He felt very unhappy,
because he had lost
his deerskin trousers.

As he walked along
he heard a fierce growl.

Forest Rover looked back,
and there was a third Bear
running after him.

"Forest Rover," he growled,
"I am going to eat you."

"Oh, please do not eat me,
and I will give you
my red moccasins!"

"How can I use your moccasins?"

"You dance on your hind legs.
Keep my moccasins
for your dancing slippers."

The Bear put on the moccasins
and began to dance.

He danced around the tree, saying,
"I am the finest Bear in the forest."

Forest Rover saw a fourth Bear
in the middle of the forest.

"Forest Rover," he growled,
"I am going to eat you."

"Oh, please do not eat me,
and I will give you
my belt of beads!"

"How can I wear your belt of beads?
I am too fat."

"You can wear it for a bracelet."

"So I can," said the Bear.

He put the belt on his foot
and walked away.

"What a fine bracelet I have!
I am the finest Bear in the forest."

Forest Rover sat down on a rock.

He began to cry,
because he had lost
all his fine clothes.

At that moment
his father, Fleet-of-Foot,
came along with some Indians.

He said to Forest Rover,
"Why do you cry, my son?"

"The Bears have taken away
all my presents,"
said Forest Rover.

"Do not cry," said the father.
"We will hunt those Bears
with our bows and arrows."

Then all the Indians
went to hunt the Bears.

The four Bears
saw the Indians coming
with their bows and arrows.

They threw the presents away
and ran to their cave
in the rocks.

Then Forest Rover
put on all his fine clothes.

He went back to the wigwam
with Fleet-of-Foot.

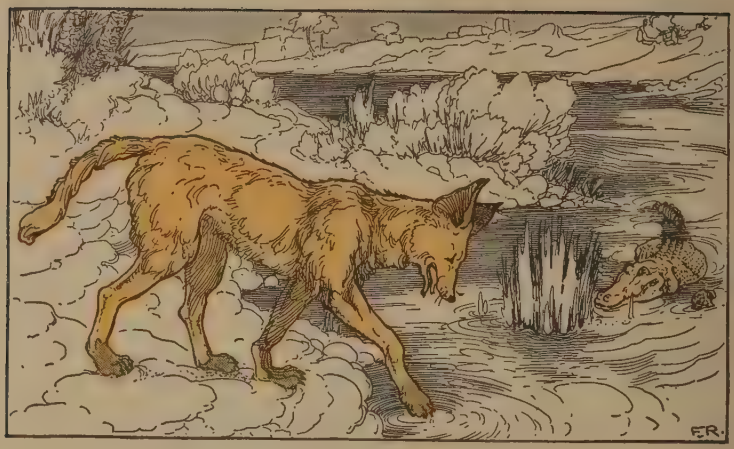
I SAW A SHIP A SAILING

I saw a ship a sailing,
A sailing on the sea;
And, oh! it was all laden
With pretty things for thee!

There were candies in the cabin,
And apples in the hold;
The sails were made of silk,
And the masts were made of gold

The four and twenty sailors,
That stood between the decks,
Were four and twenty white mice,
With chains about their necks.

The captain was a duck,
With a packet on his back;
And when the ship began to move
The captain said, "Quack, quack!"



THE CLEVER JACKAL

A little Jackal lived near a river.
One day he said,
"Dear me! I am very hungry!
I must find some crabs for dinner."
He went at once
to the bank of the river,
and put his paw into the water
to catch a crab.

Snap! a big Alligator
had the paw in his mouth.

"Dear me!" thought the Jackal.
"The big Alligator
has my paw in his mouth.
In a minute he will pull me down
and eat me.
What shall I do? What shall I do?"

Then he said to the Alligator,
"Ho, ho, kind Mr. Alligator!
You are very clever
to take those reeds for my paw!
I hope that they taste good."

"What a foolish mistake!"
said Mr. Alligator.

The Alligator opened his mouth
and let the little Jackal go.

The little Jackal
ran as fast as he could.

As he ran, he called out,
"Thank you, Mr. Alligator,
kind Mr. Alligator."

The Alligator lashed his tail
and snapped his jaws.

He was very angry!

"What a foolish mistake!"
said Mr. Alligator.

About a week later
the little Jackal said again,
"Dear me! I am very hungry!
I must find some crabs for dinner."

He went to the bank of the river.

He looked around for the Alligator
but did not see him.

Then he began to talk to himself.
"When I do not see any crabs
on the bank of the river,
I often see them peep above the water.
Then I put in my paw
and catch them."

Mr. Alligator was hiding in the mud.

"That is easy," said he to himself.
"I will put my nose above the water
and pretend to be a little crab."

The little Jackal took one look
and then ran as fast as he could.

"Thank you, Mr. Alligator,
kind Mr. Alligator," he called.

The Alligator lashed his tail
and snapped his jaws.
He was very angry!

It was two weeks
before the little Jackal
went to the bank of the river again.

He looked all around
for the Alligator
but did not find him.

"If I do not see any crabs
on the bank of the river,"
said the Jackal,
"I often see them making bubbles
which go puff, puff, puff.

Then I put in my paw
and catch them."

"That is easy," thought Mr. Alligator.
"I will blow little crab bubbles,
and the Jackal will put in his paw
where I can get it."

The Alligator blew and blew,
and great bubbles
came to the top of the water.

The little Jackal took one look
and then ran as fast as he could.

As he ran he called out,
"Thank you, Mr. Alligator,
kind Mr. Alligator."

The Alligator lashed his tail,
snapped his jaws, and said,
"I will catch that Jackal yet."

One day he crawled over the ground
till he came to the Jackal's house.

Then he went inside and hid.

When the Jackal came home,
he saw that the door was broken.

He called out,
"Why don't you speak, little House?
You know
that you always speak to me
when I come home."

"I will speak softly,"
said Mr. Alligator,
"and pretend to be the little House.

"Hello, Jackal!"

How frightened the Jackal was!

"It is Mr. Alligator.
What shall I do?" he thought.

Then he said,
"Thank you, little House.
I will be with you in a minute.
I must get some wood
and make a fire for dinner."

The Jackal went and gathered wood,
and more wood, and still more wood.

He piled it up against the door
and all around the house.

Then he set fire to the wood.

It burned, and burned,
and smoked, and smoked.

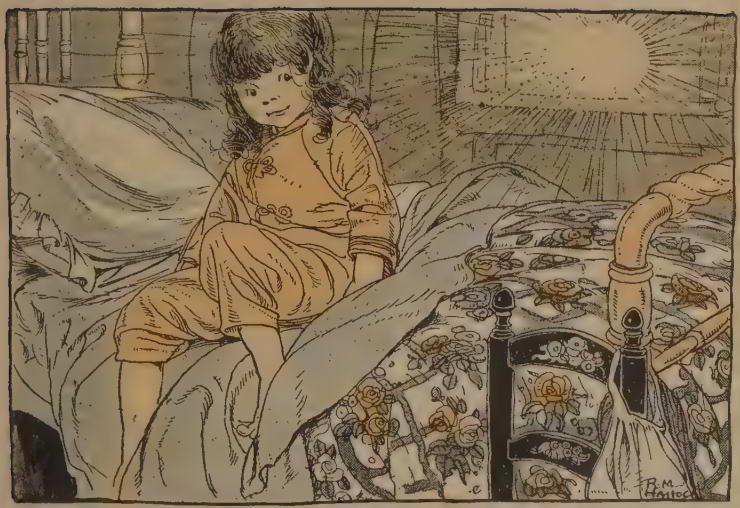
The Alligator could not get away.

He lashed his tail
and snapped his jaws.
He was very angry!

Still he could not get away.

Next morning the Jackal looked for the Alligator.

Every thing was burned—even the Alligator's leather coat.



THE MAY-DAY PARTY

There once was a little girl
whose name was Polly.

There were no other children
who lived near her,
and Polly was often lonely.

One morning
Polly woke very early.

She sat up in bed
and rubbed her eyes.

"Did some one call me?"
she thought.

She looked all around
and rubbed her eyes again.
No one was there.

Then she heard a strange noise,
"Tap-tap! Tweet-tweet!"

"I must see
who is out there,"
thought Polly.

She dressed quickly
and ran out of doors.

There stood a big blackbird.

"Tweet-tweet!" said the bird,
and then he flew away.

Polly ran after him.
Round and round she ran,
and up and down.
Soon they came to the forest.

There they found a strange party.
They saw a Rabbit and a Turtle,
a Goat and some Kittens.

A Little Man in black
stood on a blade of grass.

An Old Woman sat near him
and fed corn to a Pig.

"This is strange," said Polly.
"Do I know you?
I really think
I have seen you before."

"Yes," said the Old Woman.
"You have seen us before,
but we will not tell you
where you saw us.
That is the surprise."

"Come," said the Little Man.
"This is a May-Day Party.
We must crown our Queen,
and then we can eat dinner.

"There are fine cherry tarts behind the tree."

"Who made the tarts?" asked Polly.

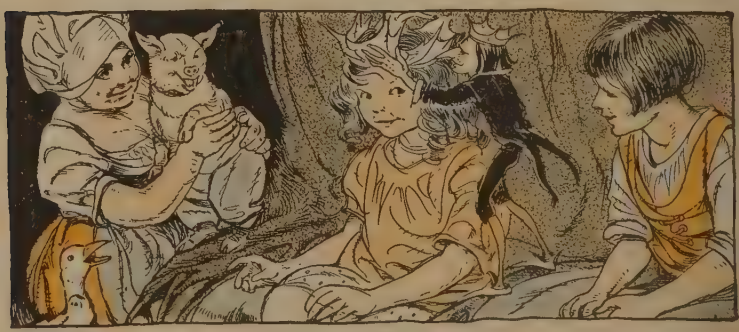
No one heard her, for they were all talking.

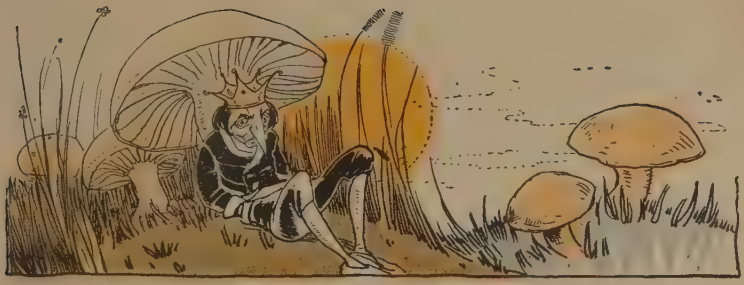
"Who shall be Queen?" cried the Little Man.

"Polly," shouted the others.

Then Polly sat on the throne.

The Little Man put a crown on her head.





"Now you are Queen,"
said the Old Woman.

"Thank you," said Polly.
"Will there be a King, too?"

"Yes," said the Little Man.
He tried to look
as tall as he could.

"May the little boy be King?"
asked Polly.

"King Jan!" shouted the others.

The Little Man went away
and sat under a toadstool.

When the Old Woman brought the tarts to Polly, the Little Man came back.

He sat down by Polly and ate as many tarts as King Jan did.

They played all day,
and when night came
they all went back
to Polly's house.

"Will you stay here to-night?"
asked Polly.

"Yes, indeed, we will,"
said the Old Woman.
"We live here."

"Where do you sleep?" asked Polly.

Then all of them laughed.

"That is the surprise," they said.

Ruth M. Hollock

They went over to the story book.
One by one they stepped inside.

Jan was the last.
He waved his hand and shut the book.

Polly opened it again.

"Will you always be there?"
she asked.

"Always," said the Little Man.

"And will you play with me?"

"Indeed we will," said Jan,
"but you must open the book for us.
You must wake early
if you want to find us here."

"I shall be early," said Polly,
and she knew
she would not be lonely again.

THE ALPHABET

A is for Alice,
who likes apples red.
B is for Bessie,
who won't go to bed.

A a B b

C is for Charles,
who a captain was once.
D is for Dick,
who was never a dunce.

C c D d

E is for Elmer,
and for elephant big.
F is for Frank,
who ate a ripe fig.

E e F f

G is for George,
who rode on a goat.
H is for Harry,
and his hound in a boat.

G g H h

I is for Ida,
who slides on the ice.
J is for Jessie,
who thinks jelly nice.

I i J j

is for Kate,
who flies a big kite.

is for Laura,
who saw a bright light.

K k L l

is for Minnie,
who owned a big mill.

is for Nellie,
who found nuts on a hill.

M m N n

is for Olive,
whose orange was round.

is for Paul,
whose penny was found.

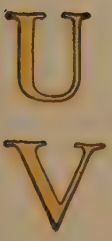
O o P p

is for Queenie,
who likes to eat quail.
is for Ralph,
who walks on a rail.

Q q R r

is for Stella,
who likes sugar sweet.
is for Thomas,
who has tarts to eat.

S s T t

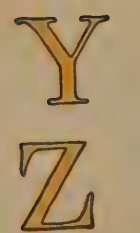


is for Una,
with an urn and a fan.
is for Vera,
and valley, and van.

U u V v

is for William,
who saw a big whale.
is for Xerxes,
who expected to sail.

W w X x



is for Yetta,
who stands under a yew.
is for Zella,
and zebra, and zoo.

Y y Z z

a b c d e f g h i j k l m

n o p q r s t u v w x y z

A B C D E F G H I J K L M

N O P Q R S T U V W X Y Z

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